

## OPERA NOTES.

**Monday, May 18.**—When WAGNER's away We GOUNOD play, and once again are "the ears of the groundlings (some of us own to being groundlings, and glory in it) tickled" by the melodious and dramatic *Roméo et Juliette*. Charming in every way, as she was last year, is Miss SUZANNE ADAMS when playing and singing the part of *Juliette Montague, née Capulet*. But, as so often happens in real life, M. SALIGNAC, as *Roméo Montague*, is not the husband, musically and professionally speaking, for so sweet a soprano. He is good, but not great: he is tuneful, but not powerful; his acting is passable for a tenor, in whom after all no one expects to see a KEMBLE, KEAN or IRVING; though why, on being banished by the Duke, *Roméo*, after a grand vocal effort, should run off the stage as the trio sing in *La Grande Duchesse*, "À petits pas, petits pas, petits, petits, petits pas," is, to his admirers, incomprehensible. True, *Roméo* has just been sentenced by the gentleman in black, that is, by the Duke, who, being formidably represented by an Earle—Mr. HAMILTON EARLE—is two single noblemen rolled into one, a fact that, perhaps, would be quite sufficient to cause M. SALIGNAC to bolt as quickly as possible.

Mlle. HELIAN doesn't make much of her one chance as *Stephano*, "with a song." Mr. JOURNET is a severe *Frère Laurent*, but, good as he is, were not "comparisons odorous," we would express regret for the absence of M. PLANCON. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, inimitable as ever, sympathetic, sprightly, motherly, as that old Shakespearian *Slyboots* in petticoats, *Juliette's* naughty nurse, "which her name is" *Gertrude*, a Veronese version of *Mrs. Gamp*, *Gertrude Gamp*, with a crutch-handled stick instead of an umbrella.

With Signor MANCINELLI the Merry conducting, the orchestra, freed from the tension of wonderful Wagnerisms, played to perfection, and the chorus too seemed to be happier than usual. "A nice lot of friends" the Montagues and Capulets appear to have had. Judging from the rather queer assortment of guests, this ball may be taken to represent a party given to a lot of people whom the Capulets "felt bound to ask" for fear of offending. It is the only way of accounting for them and for their strangely provincial behaviour. But those young people who came to dance, and not merely to be "wall-flowers" and "supper-numeraries," were charming, dancing well, behaving admirably, and not doing the "Cake-Walk."

**Tuesday, May 19.**—WAGNER back again, but in his lighter Lohengrinning mood, and not quite so popular as he



## ODDS-AND ENDS-AT EPSOM.

*Neglected Bookmaker (dismally).* "TEN TO ONE BAR TWO! 'ERE YOU ARE. I'LL TAKE PAWN-TICKETS, BANK-NOTES, BUTTONS, ANYTHING!"

was but a few nights since. Evidently musical public can be over-Wagnered. Attraction offered in this programme of *Lohengrin* not sufficient to draw a crush. Mr. EARLE good as *Heerrufer*, and Herr LOHSE's conducting satisfactory, which term cannot be justly applied to the *Elsa* of Frau KNUFFER EGLI. The *Ortrud* of Madame KIRKBY LUNN good, or rather one better than last year. *Heinrich der Vogler*, or *The Whistling 'Enry* of Herr BLASS, also good but not great, and *Traitorous Telramund*,

reminiscent of ancient twopence-coloured operatic characters, was not quite up to, or down to, the melodramatic mark, nor was he operatically "in it" with another singer in the same part whom to name here would be invidious.

**Thursday.—Faust.** Nothing noticeable except that Madame FRITZI SCHEFF, as *Siebel*, refused encore for garden song. Madame BOLSKA a satisfactory *Marguerite*, in the absence of "t'other dear charmers." MANCINELLI conducting less merrily.

Friday, May 22.—*Die Walküre*. So much "walking" in the air (best place for it, of course) and so much "Herr" in *Die Walküre*, that 'tis quite refreshing to have as much as we can get turned on with the wind instruments in full blow on such a sultry night as is this sudden summer time, arrived unexpectedly in May. In keeping with the weather performance very fine; too fine to last, as poor Mister VAN ROOY found to his cost, becoming indisposed, we trust only temporarily, in the last Act. Another Herr was immediately found as substitute. Frau KNUFFER EGLI charming as *Sieglinde*, and the whole opera went, as *Walkyries* did, swimmingly. The KING and QUEEN have very regularly patronised the Royal Box this week.

### THE BURNLEY BENEDICK.

[Reuter's correspondent at Berlin, commenting on Lord ROSEBURY's speech at Burnley, says that "the newspapers appear to think that he is canvassing for a place in a future Cabinet, with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as Premier." The *Westminster Gazette* (Mr. SPENDER) has been at great pains to explain away "authoritatively" any superficial appearance of devotion, on the part of Lord ROSEBURY, to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's principles.]

HAD any sage, two seasons back,  
Addressed me in my lonely track,  
And, while my head was being mopped,  
Said, "It is really time you stopped;  
Why till this rather rotten row  
When you must soon a-wooing go?  
Put by the thing you call a plough,  
For Cupid's seal is on your brow!  
Fight as you will the awful odds,  
There is a scheme among the gods  
For joining JOSEPHINE and you":—  
I should have answered, "Tut! Go to!"

Either the climate must have changed  
Or else my wits have got deranged.  
I never thought to sing the grace  
Embedded in that lady's face;  
Or follow, like a blushing swain,  
In her, or any other's, train,  
Merging what I have deemed to be  
A singular identity.

At times, I grant, returning home  
With feet encased in sodden loam,  
My heart has yearned for one to share  
The weary ploughman's homely fare;  
Some housewife, such as I would choose  
Chiefly for her domestic views,  
To bear the little local strains  
That jar upon a Thinker's brains;  
Who, when I came at close of day,  
Might in a dim adoring way  
Appreciate my labour's fruits,  
And help me off with both my boots.

But ever, when my inward eye  
Revolved around the marriage-tie,  
I said, "I need but lift my hand,  
And half the women in the land  
With swift, unladylike despatch  
Will seek this eligible catch!"  
Frankly I never dreamed to find  
One so removed above her kind  
(A state that comes from having dwelt  
Upon the illimitable veld)  
That I must go on bended knee  
And ask her what she thought of me!

I haven't actually been  
And said as much to JOSEPHINE.

I merely threw a distant hint  
Which looks a little bald in print;  
And, since I might prefer to hedge  
Rather than jump the beetling ledge,  
I pause, a Primrose on the brink,  
To see what other people think.  
Meanwhile my head is fain to rest  
Upon her broad protective breast,  
My feelings toward her being tender—  
Only, I'm so afraid of SPENDER!

O. S.

### A "JUMBLE SALE."

THE mental disturbance produced by the perusal of the three most imposing advertisements in the *Times* of May 20:—(1) Of the *Encyclopædia*; (2) Of Somebody's Tabloids; (3) Of an Electric Belt for producing a "New Stomach"—is represented by the following mixed results:—

THE COMPLETE WORK and the large REVOLVING BOOK—CASE go to the very seat of mischief. A great deal of avoidable suffering may have to be endured as a result of procrastination. You take but three volumes a day, and there is no need to take more.

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#### METHOD OF EMPLOYMENT:

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You merely drop one of the volumes into your drinks three times a day. It does not alter the flavour.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

The volumes are free from sugar and absolutely free from possibility of danger.

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You have but to determine for yourself whether you, like Mr. ROCKEFELLER, are one of those who should use the *Encyclopædia*.

If you find that you have a Sluggish Liver, accompanied by dull pain in the right side, or stiffness in the joints and muscles (these symptoms are all easily recognisable), then write to:—

THE MANAGER,

The "*Times*" Publication Department.

The volumes are supplied in boxes, containing twenty-five days' treatment, at 5s.

### THE ABSENTEE.

[Mr. REDMOND explains that at the Dublin Rotunda meeting, after Mrs. MAUD MACBRIDE and some other ladies left the hall, the disturbance was quickly over, and there was nothing but peace and unanimity.]

WHEN she was gone then fury fled,  
And in its place came peace anon,  
Harmony reigned—so REDMOND said—  
When she was gone.

So, changed in nothing but her name,  
Her own wild way she still goes on—  
Yes, MAUD was very much the same  
When she was GONNE.



Alfred Patridge.

## NO "RESCUER" WANTED, THANK YOU!

PANTOMIME CHILD (to Mr. Brummage). "PLEASE, SIR, DO GO AWAY! I'M SO HAPPY WITH THIS NICE OLD DRAGON!"

["The Bill before Parliament ignores the real issue; it proceeds upon the assumption that a child of seven or eight suffers positive harm from work in a theatre, whereas any experience shows the very reverse to be the truth. And if, for the sake of a cast-iron uniformity, this absurd interdict is put upon such employment, a large number of poor little children will be cut off from the chief joy of their lives—banished from their fairyland to the street."—Extract from Sir Henry Irving's Speech at Drury Lane, May 14.]





## COOKLESS TOURS.

["To-day in England it would be difficult beyond the boundaries of London to find a dinner in tavern or hotel that is worth eating. Travellers hesitate to explore the British Islands because they are afraid that they will find nothing to eat save cold beef or eggs and bacon."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.]

WE used to ask with injured pride,  
Before the reason was suspected,  
Why tourists ramble far and wide,  
Yet leave our pleasant isle neglected;

At last we know the culprit's name;  
Provincial cooking is to blame.

Even the patriots who own  
To liking plain and homely living,  
Must often in our taverns groan,  
And eye the menu with misgiving;  
Since stomachs long for some relief  
When daily dosed with joints of beef;

While pampered foreigners refuse  
The Channel trip, afraid to take on  
A land whose culinary views  
Are limited to eggs and bacon,  
And with a thankful heart compare  
Their own with our depressing fare.

Still in things evil good is found;  
Henceforth no arguments persuade  
us—

Though, doubtless, Anglophobes a-bound—

That hostile armies dare invade us,  
For even foes must draw the line  
At coming where they cannot dine.

## PROGRESSIVE LIBERTY.

(In the Year of Grace, 1906.)

[The London County Council suggest by-laws to make the throwing of waste-paper into the street a punishable offence.]

JOHN HOBBS, a respectably-attired tradesman, was charged at Marlborough Street with attempted wilful distribution of waste paper in the streets.

Detective-Inspector SMITH stated that he was on duty in plain clothes in Leicester Square, and saw the prisoner pull a brown-paper bag from his pocket. Thinking his movements to be suspicious he followed him. Twice between Leicester Square and St. Martin's Church he saw the prisoner attempt to get rid of the bag by deliberately throwing it into the street. Seeing that he was watched the prisoner commenced to run, and tried to get away by cutting through side streets. He caught him outside Charing Cross, when he became very violent.

The prisoner made a statement to the effect that he had gone to the Empire that night, and had taken some oranges with him. He had not bought them to throw but to eat. It was not true that he tried to get rid of the bag—it was



## DECISIVE.

*Impecunious One (halting abruptly).* "I beg pardon, Sir."

*The Accused (moving off abruptly).* "GRANTED. DON'T BEG ANYTHING ELSE!"

not likely, as he had not finished all the oranges. It was also false that he had attempted to evade the officer. He was late, and wished to catch the last train at Charing Cross by a short cut. It was for the same reason that he had struggled with the officer. His wife was sitting up for him.

This being his first offence the prisoner was discharged with a caution.

At the same Court, JOHN HENRY, a meanly-built man, was charged with a similar offence. When arrested his pockets were found to be stuffed with waste paper of every description.

According to the Gaoler's statement, the accused had been ten times convicted of the same offence at this Court, all the cases occurring since 1905.

The Court missionary said that he had done all that was possible in the

case, but he was incorrigible. It appeared to be a mania with him.

The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position acutely, said that he was not responsible for his actions, and pleaded to be sent to a Home. He had done his best to fight the temptation, but it was too much for him.

The magistrate said it was impossible to take a lenient view of the case, as the offence was a serious and growing one. He would sentence the prisoner to the County Council's Wicker-work Home for Confirmed Waste Paper-Throwers, with two years' police supervision. On hearing the sentence, the prisoner, who was much affected, thanked the magistrate.

NEW DISEASE FOR SWIFT BOWLERS.—  
Deliverum tremens.

# "AS THE TWIG IS BENT—" ETC.

(A Domestic Dialogue.)

SCENE—Library in the Town-house of PETER SLACKSOLE, Esq. (of SLACKSOLE AND SCRYMGEOUR, drysalters, Bishopsgate Street).

TIME—About 7 P.M. towards the end of May.

Mr. Slacksole (alone, to himself). I must put my foot down! I'm determined not to—(starts as door opens and Butler enters). Oh, ah—yes, I rang, MACROW. . . . Er—Mr. FREDERICK not in yet, I suppose?

Macrow. Been in some time back, Sir—from Lord's. (With reflected pride) We managed to beat Chalkshire, Sir, after all!

Mr. Slack. (without elation). Did we? Tell Mr. FREDERICK I should be glad to see him here, at once. (To himself, after MACROW has left) Always at this confounded cricket! He's not been near the office for days! So long as he was at college, I never said a word. No one can say I've been a harsh father to my children! How many parents would have allowed themselves to be habitually addressed as "POFFLES"? But I've always gone on the principle of encouraging them to look upon me as a friend. Still, to be wasting his time like this now—when he ought to be devoting himself heart and soul to business—no, it's really more than I can put up with! A few quiet words—when his mother isn't in the room—will—

Enter FREDERICK exuberantly.

Fred. So you've heard the result? Toppin', isn't it? I knew you'd be jolly pleased about it, POFFLES! They only wanted 60 to win—and we got 'em all out for 56! "Collapse of Chalkshire. SLACKSOLE'S Brilliant Bowling" they've got on the posters. You know the sort of bally rot those Cricket Editions go in for. Still, I must say I was rather in form. I was no sooner put on to—

Mr. Slack. (interrupting nervously). Yes, yes, I daresay. But I didn't send for you to talk about the match, precisely.

Fred. (bewildered). Not? But—POFFLES—what on earth else is there to talk about?

Mr. S. (with growing embarrassment). Something that is—er—more serious—for both of us, FREDERICK. The fact is, I—well, I'm beginning to see that I have made a mistake—a very great mistake.

Fred. (reassuringly). Well, we've all done that in our time, you know, POFFLES. (Sits down and crosses his legs.) Don't you mind telling me. Better get it off your chest. Two heads are better than one, eh? Chances are I can put you up to a way out of it without its coming round to the Mater.

Mr. S. (on his dignity). It is a very different matter from what you—er—seem to suppose, FREDERICK. And, before I go any further, I—I think for the future it would be better if you gave up calling me "POFFLES."

Fred. (generously). I'm hanged if I do! I've never called you anything else since I was a kid—and you'll always be "POFFLES" to me—whatever you've done! After all, it can't be anything downright—

Mr. S. (bounding in his chair). You—you persist in misunderstanding me, FREDERICK! I never—er—the only thing I reproach myself with is my indulgence to you. And I consider I have every right to complain of—the kind of life you have chosen to lead.

Fred. (staring). The kind of—? Oh, now I see. (Bursts out laughing.) Someone's been pulling your innocent old leg, POFFLES! Why, I'm as steady as a church! Think it over, and ask yourself: Is it likely I should be such an ass as to risk lowering my cricket average by playing the goat?

Mr. S. I am not accusing you of—er—playing the goat. What I'm complaining of is the way you are playing cricket.

Fred. (aggrieved). Well, really, POFFLES, I shouldn't have thought you could find much fault with that! It's rather rough, when I've knocked up my sixth century already this season, and done the hat trick only this afternoon, to come home and be treated as if I'd made a brace of blobs and been slogged all over the field!

Mr. S. (at sea). I'm not objecting to cricket in moderation—say, on Saturday afternoons.

Fred. In Regent's Park, I suppose? Come, now, POFFLES, you can't seriously believe that a first-class match can be played out in a half holiday, however bad the pitch may be? You know better than that!

Mr. S. (nettled). Whatever I may not know, FREDERICK, at least I know this. All the money I've spent on having you equipped at school and college for the serious business of life seems to have been absolutely thrown away!

Fred. "Thrown away"! I do like that! Why, if I hadn't made the very best of my time at school, should I have got my Cricket Blue while I was a Fresher? You grumbled a bit at my having a professional to coach me in the holidays—but see how it's got me on! And I won the Hundred and the Quarter at the Sports last year! Upon my word, POFFLES, I don't quite see what it is you do want!

Mr. S. What I want, FREDERICK, is to see you attending more regularly to your duties at the office, and—and, once for all, I must insist on your not addressing me as "POFFLES"; it is a familiarity I can no longer permit.

Fred. Of course if you're determined to keep me at arms' length, you must please yourself. But for me to chuck up cricket, with such a career as I've got before me—why, it would be perfect skittles!

Mr. S. Believe me, my boy, you can never earn a living by cricket!

Fred. I could if I turned professional. But I suppose even you wouldn't care for me to do that!

Mr. S. I? I am trying to show you the folly of frittering away all your youth in idleness!

Fred. You'd find there's precious little "frittering" about playing forward in Rugger, and you don't get much chance to idle when you're bowling on a plumb wicket. It's jolly hard work, I can tell you!

Mr. S. That may be so, FREDERICK. But your hard work should be at the office!

Fred. It's all very well—but you've no idea what it is for a fellow who's led the open-air life I have, to be boxed up all the week in a beastly office! It knocks me up in no time. You ask the Mater if it doesn't!

Mr. S. Young SCRYMGEOUR doesn't seem to find it too much for him!

Fred. It may suit a smug like BOB SCRYMGEOUR—a rotter who never made a run in his life, and don't know the difference between Rugger and Soccer! All I know is, it don't suit me!

Mr. S. And the consequence is, FREDERICK, that he will be taken into partnership instead of you.

Fred. (loftily). He's welcome to it, for all I care! We should never pull together, you know. He's not my sort. He takes to business naturally. Now, I never shall—not my line at all!

Mr. S. You had your choice of the Army or the Bar—and you wouldn't go in for either.

Fred. Because of the bally exams. You see, after a hard day's exercise, you can't sit down and grind away at stiff subjects—you're simply bound to go to sleep over 'em! But, though I don't pretend to be keen about the office, I'm quite game to put in a day there—whenever I've got nothing else on.

Mr. S. (with bitterness). What earthly use do you imagine that would be—to us?



### THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

Father. "WELL, TOMMY, I HOPE YOU FEEL A GOOD BOY THIS MORNING?"

Tommy. "NO, DADDY, NOT WELLY GOOD, AND NOT WELLY BAD. JUST COMFY!"

Fred. (with superiority). More use than you fancy, perhaps—even if I never did a stroke! You mayn't know it, but you may take this from me: Athletics count for just as much in the City as they do everywhere else. Look at the way a Blue gets on in the House! And I don't mind betting you that it's done you a lot of good already, being known as my Governor.

Mr. S. (exasperated). However it may be on the Stock Exchange, FREDERICK, drysalting is—er—not governed by such considerations. You are talking downright nonsense!

Fred. (stiffly). I'm not accustomed to being told I talk nonsense, and I think it's jolly well time I went. I've had enough of being ragged like this, when I've done nothing to deserve it! [Rises, and moves towards door.]

Mr. S. (climbing down). I—I didn't mean to "rag" you, my boy. I was merely—er—endeavouring to—

Fred. (with severity). Whether you intend it or not, you seem to me to be doing your level best to destroy all confidence between us. Up to now, I've always looked upon you as a pal rather than a father. In future I shall know better! [He opens the door.]

Mr. S. (overwhelmed with contrition). FRED! Don't leave me like that. If—if I've spoken too harshly—!

Fred. If! I can tell you *this* much. If I hadn't happened to be in a nailing good temper over winning that match,

you and I might have had a downright row—and, even as it is— (Sees Mr. S.'s face, relents, comes back, and pats him affectionately on the shoulder) No, it's all right, POFFLES, dear old boy! I'm not really angry. I know how it was. Something's gone wrong at the office, and you come home and let off steam at me! If you'd been at a Public School and 'Varsity yourself, you'd understand better what it means to have a reputation to keep up. There, there—I hope I know how to make allowances—don't let it occur again, that's all. And, I say, POFFLES, there's the dressing gong! Better hurry up, hadn't you?—unless you want to keep the Mater waiting again!

Mr. S. (to himself, as he follows FRED upstairs). After all, he's just the type of manly young Englishman that has made our country what it is! I ought to be proud of him, instead of—but he's forgiven all that—he called me "POFFLES" twice! (Aloud) And so, FRED, you bowled Chalkshire out with—er—a brace of blobs, eh? Capital! capital!

[He disappears into dressing-room as Curtain falls.  
F. A.]

CECILIAN VESPER.—"The "abnormal proceedings" in Grand Committee on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.



**"IT IS THE CAUSE, IT IS THE CAUSE, MY (NETHER) SOUL!"**

*Othello*, Act V., Sc. 2.

WHAT "cause"? It is constantly being mentioned in the *Gordian Knot*, by Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER, at His Majesty's, but what "cause" it is Heaven only knows, for it may be fairly doubted whether the author knows anything more about it than do either actors or audience. The safest description may be borrowed from POPE and adapted to the occasion, as it is a "cause, least known, least understood," yet on it depends the supreme interest of the play. But for this mysterious "cause," *Vicomte de Selignac* (Mr. ROBERT TABER doing his strenuous best) would have remained at home with *Gabrielle Melville*, the worst woman in Paris, and probably the worst dressed, too, represented by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE; and but for this "cause" *Selignac's* unfortunately afflicted friend the limping hunchback, *Roger Martens*, played for all the queer character is worth and more by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, marvellously made-up, would not have inspired the gay and artful *Gabrielle* to act the part of the witch *Rapunzel* and to "let down her hair," with which, struck by a very "happy thought," he strangles her in a hair-tight embrace. "It is the cause! It is the cause!"

Now the best scene in this play (of sorts) is a decidedly original and very farcical one where an American lady, bearing the honoured Dickensian surname of *Cuttle* ("when found make a note of")—she is *Mrs. Josiah C. Van Cuttle* (Miss HELEN FERRERS),—having been asked "to oblige the company with a song," complies by singing a ditty so execrably out of tune as to drive away from the house all the guests in "most admired disorder!" The effect is immensely funny, and the audience shout with laughter. And this in a serious tragedy-drama is to be accepted as a true representation of what occurs in real life!!

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, as a comic *Grand Duke*, without a title, reminding us of the eccentric nobleman in *La Vie Parisienne*, is excellent: never was such a *Grand Duke* out of *opéra bouffe*. It is a short part and a merry one, but the audience is grateful for the relief.

Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE makes her first appearance on the scene dressed as a kind of eccentric *Pope Joan*, wearing an ecclesiastical mitre, having come straight from the boards of some theatre (where she had been the heroine of a *première*) without staying to change her costume! Delightful! So probable, so perfectly natural! Then her long rhapsodies about nothing in particular! 'Tis all wonderful. Had this worst woman in Paris been also the most beautiful, most accomplished, as well as the wittiest and cleverest of "courtesans" (this is the politest way of putting it), and could she have been gifted with an incipient influenza just beginning to develope, *Gabrielle* might have insidiously gained the sympathies of the audience as did *La Dame aux Camélias*. But she is only a very ordinary "gay" (save the mark!) woman of a certain notoriety, whose questionable career and mysterious death might possibly have afforded some material for the eccentric INSEN, but not for the skilled professional dramatist, though of course very tempting to the confident and, undoubtedly, greatly daring amateur-playwright.

But how ever came it about that such a piece as this could have been carefully considered, accepted, seriously rehearsed and acted? One plausible theory is that Mr. LOWTHER, whose name is new to us as a writer of plays, is a powerful mesmerist, that he so dominated Miss NETHERSOLE and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as to force them to pronounce this piece a perfect triumph of art, just as a hypnotised patient accepts the assertion of the hypnotiser that some daub, which he has been ordered to admire, is the most magnificent work of art ever produced. This theory will account for the fact. Miss NETHERSOLE thought she saw herself as a great success

in the part of *Gabrielle Melville*, which the hypnotiser impressed upon her as one that only herself, and perhaps SARAH BERNHARDT (but "why lug in SARAH?"), could play: while Mr. TREE, weary of being either handsome and self-sacrificing or handsome and villainous, jumped (always under hypnosis) at the offer of being as humpbacked as *Richard the Third*, as limping as *Mephistopheles*, and triumphing over this weird physical combination by coming out as the good genius and the Avenger of Evil. Those who have seen the play will remember that a challenge is given and accepted by *Selignac*, and after this nothing further is heard of the matter! Oddly enough, had the fight taken place the remainder of the play would have had to be re-constructed. What a chance thrown away!

**BACK TO HIS NATIVE STRAND.**

[*"Sherlock Holmes"* is to reappear in the *"Strand"* Magazine.]

AIR—"Archie" in the *"Toreador."*

OH, SHERLOCK HOLMES lay hidden more than half a dozen years.

He left his loving London in a whirl of doubts and fears.

For we thought a wicked party

Of the name of MORIARTY

Had despatched him (in a manner fit to freeze one).

They grappled on a cliff-top, on a ledge six inches wide;

We deemed his chances flimsy when he vanished o'er the side.

But the very latest news is

That he merely got some bruises.

If there is a man who's hard to kill, why he's one.

Oh SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.

It seems he wasn't hurt at all

By tumbling down the waterfall.

That sort of thing is fun to SHERLOCK.

When SHERLOCK left his native Strand, such groans were seldom heard;

With sobs the Public's frame was rent: with tears its eye was blurred.

But the optimists reflected

That he might be resurrected:

It formed our only theme of conversation.

We asked each other, Would he be? and if so, How and where?

We went about our duties with a less dejected air.

And they say that a suggestion

Of a Parliamentary question

Was received with marked approval by the nation.

And SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

Sir CONAN has discovered him, and offers to explain.

The explanation may be thin,

But bless you! we don't care a pin,

If he'll but give us back our SHERLOCK.

The burglar groans and lays aside his jemmy, keys, and drill;

The enterprising murderer proceeds to make his will;

The fraud-promoting jobber

Feels convinced that those who rob err;

The felon finds no balm in his employment.

The forger and the swindler start up shrieking in their sleep;

No longer on his mother does the coster gaily leap;

The Mile-End sportsman ceases

To kick passers-by to pieces,

Or does it with diminishing enjoyment.

For SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he's in town again,

That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.

The world of crime has got the blues,

For SHERLOCK's out and after clues,

And everything's a clue to SHERLOCK.



## NAVAL REFORM:

*Or, When we were Boys together.*

"In future there will be no distinction drawn between the engineer officer and his executive comrade. Their ranks will be assimilated. . . . The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge and a life-long community of sentiment. The only machinery which can produce this result is early companionship."—*Memorandum of First Lord of the Admiralty, December, 1902.*

TIME—A.D. 1950. *The English Fleet steaming into action. The Rear-Admiral and the Captain pacing the quarter-deck.*

*The Rear-Admiral (shutting his glass with a snap of satisfaction). Full speed ahead, a flanking movement right and left, and—*

*Captain (triumphantly). We have them like rats in a trap.*

*Rear-Admiral (joyfully whistling "The Death of Nelson"). Ha! ha! Glorious victory of the British fleet! What will Pall Mall say! (Suddenly) Send for the Chief Engineer.*

*Captain (hysterically). What?*

*[There is an intense pause.]*

*Rear-Admiral (perspiring coldly). Ah! I forgot. (Gravely) Thank you. (To the Orderly) Ask the Engineer-Rear-Admiral if he will be good enough to give me the benefit of his specialised training.*

*[The Orderly goes.]*

*Captain (gloomily). I fear—*

*Rear-Admiral. Pull yourself together, man. If it comes to the worst we can put the middies down below to stoke—and you can drive the engines.*

*Captain (brightening). Ah, yes! The New Training.*

*Orderly (returning). Beggin' your pardon, Sir, but the Engineer-Rear-Admiral says as 'ow he don't quite agree with these 'ere tactics of yours, and 'e's workin' out 'is own plan of battle.*

*Captain (hoarsely). "The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge."*

*Rear-Admiral (spluttering with rage). What in thunder are we to do?*

*Captain (speaking softly, with a far-away look). Do you remember old JONES and his apple-orchard? Do you remember his dog? Do you remember when he tore—*

*Rear-Admiral. A large hole out of my Sunday pants? Ha! ha!*

*Captain. And how I spent half the night up a tree rather than face his teeth? Ha! ha!*

*Rear-Admiral. Why, it must be more than thirty years ago.*

*Captain. When we were boys together. It seems like yesterday. And old SIMPKINS—*

*Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS?*

*Captain. Who nearly died of eating the green apples.*



## PASSING AMENITIES.

*Crowder. "Hi! Hi! CARN'T YER LOOK OUT WHER' YER A-COMIN'?"*  
*Omnibus. "GARN! SHUT UP, JACK-IN-THE-BOX!"*

*Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS? SIMPKINS?*

*Captain (intensely). The Engineer-Rear-Admiral. (There is a sudden shock, followed by an intense pause.) Good Heavens! We are going astern.*

*[The Engineer-Rear-Admiral appears slowly.]*

*Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS! We are going astern!*

*Engineer Rear-Admiral. I know it. You will find a much more effective movement than yours fully set out on page 43 of my latest treatise on Tactics and Evolution under Steam.*

*Rear-Admiral (bitterly). NELSON—*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral. NELSON! Bah! He never saw a steamship.*

*Rear-Admiral (imploringly). SIMPKINS, the success of all my deep-laid plans rests in our going straight ahead at the foe.*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral. I'm sorry I cannot agree with your strategy. I consider the best course is to go astern.*

*[He turns away.]*

*Rear-Admiral. Lost! Lost!*

*Captain (stepping forward, with the same far-away look on his face). SIMPKINS!*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral (haughtily). Sir!*

*Captain. Ah! The remembrance of our early companionship bursts*

*asunder the chains of discipline. (Laying a hand on his shoulder gently) SIMPKINS, old man, we were boys together. Many a time and oft have we cribbed from the same book. Many a time and oft have we written each other's impositions with double-nibbed pens. Many a time and oft have we shielded our vulnerable parts with the identical exercise books.*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral (softening a little). Yes—but—*

*Captain. SIMPKINS, old man, you remember those green apples?*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral (visibly moved). Old JONES's apples?*

*Captain. And when you lay in the dormitory dying, as we thought, how a bare-footed, night-shirted boy ran through the black darkness and the bitter cold to the kitchen to get the glass of salt-and-water which saved your life? SIMPKINS—*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral (with tears in his eyes). Old man!*

*Captain. I was that boy.*

*Eng.-Rear-Admiral (brushing his gold-laced sleeve across his eyes). Ah! (Controlling himself with a great effort) Full speed ahead!*

*Rear-Admiral } (together). Saved!*  
*Captain }*



### ODD!

*The Colonel (stopping at Irish Inn). "LOOK HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?" Boots. "BEDAD! AN' I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER QUARE PAIR DOWN BELOW!"*

### TRUE P.O.-LITENESS!

["Telephone girls in Chicago have put into practice the art of polite conversation as laid down in a book of rules introduced by the new manager of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. The book is full of formalities and elegancies."—*Civil Service Magazine.*]

SCENE I.—A London Post-Office, shortly after the official "Courteous Conversation with Customers" handbook has been issued.

*First Customer.* Shillingsworth of penny stamps, please.

*Post-Office Clerk.* Believe me, Sir, I can conceive no greater privilege than that of obeying with alacrity your least command. But before doing so in the present instance perhaps you will permit me—

*First Customer (crescendo).* Twelve stamps, please! I'm in a hurry.

*Post-Office Clerk (unruffled).* —to felicitate you upon your favourable (so far as one may judge from a cursory glance) state of health, and to express my hope that your wife and children—presuming that those domestic bless-

ings have fallen to your lot—are no less—

*First Customer (fortissimo).* Look here, will you give me those stamps?

*Post-Office Clerk.* —fortunate than yourself in this respect. So, Sir, with this sincere expression of my good wishes, I hasten to supply you with the postage requisites you need.

[*First Customer snatches stamps, and exit.*]

*Second Customer (a Lady).* Would you weigh this, please? I wish to send it by parcel post.

*Post-Office Clerk.* With pleasure, Madam. Speaking of weights, you may not be aware that among the ancient Egyptians—

*Second Customer (nervously).* Yes, yes—but I have a train to catch—and if you *couldn't* mind just weighing this parcel—

*Post-Office Clerk.* We are bound to observe the official rules, Madam, otherwise we shall get into trouble. If you will permit me, in accordance with the handbook, to tell you some facts about the ancient Egyptian weights—

[*He does so at considerable length.*]

*Third Customer.* I want this postal order changed.

*Post-Office Clerk.* Yes, Sir. May I look at the handbook for a moment? I've forgotten the exact sentence. Ah, here it is. The love of money, as Bacon eloquently points out—(Customer *expostulates with vigour.*) Well, there's no call for you to use language of that kind, when I'm giving you polite and appropriate conversation, as laid down in the rules! (To Fourth Customer.) Telegrams should be handed in over there. But if a brief account of telegraphy, ancient and modern, would interest you—

[*Fourth Customer hurriedly dissents as scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—Village Post-Office. Same date.

*Farmer Giles.* 'Arternoon, Mrs. Brown. Any letters for the Missus?

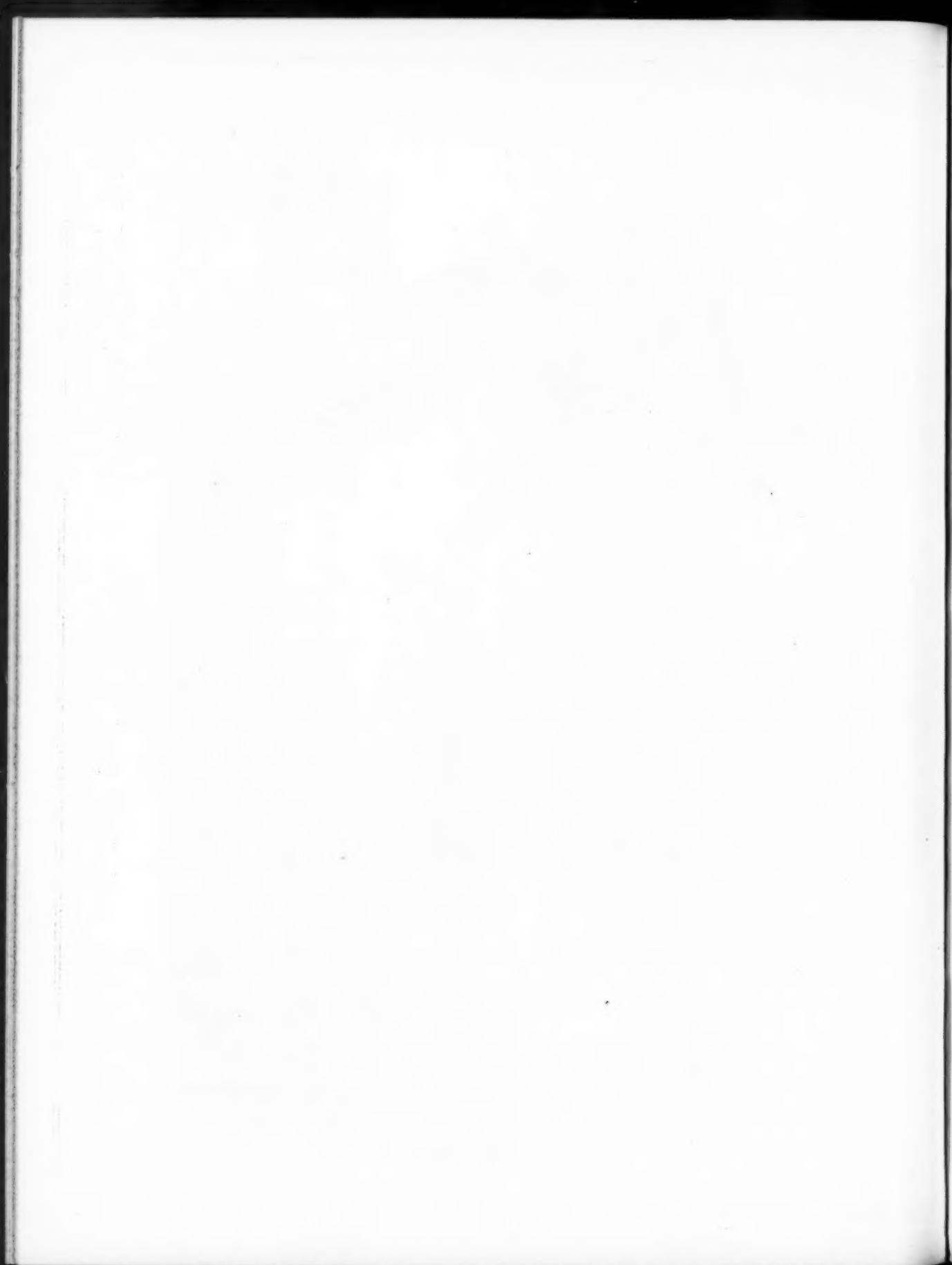
*Mrs. Brown.* 'Vore ever I tulls 'ee that, must read 'ee a girt piece o' the new book—zame as ardered. (*Reads laboriously.*) "Good-morning-Sir-or-Madam-as-the-case-may-be-how-remarkably-fine-or-wet-according-to-circumstances" (well, of 'arl the dratted foolishness!) "is-the-weather-and-I-trust-that-your-crops-or-poultry-or-livestock-to-be-varied-according-to-the-customer's-occupation-or-source-of-livelihood-are-eminently-prosperous." Oh, lawk-a-mussy me!

*Farmer Giles (rushing to the door).* Nayburs, nayburs! Mrs. BROWN be took ravin' mad!



MEDDLESOME JOE AND THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.





## THE "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" ARTISTIC COMPETITION.



After Rossetti.



After Dana Gibson.



After Albert Moore.



After Watteau.



After Peter Graham, R.A.



After Kate Greenaway.

## A FELT WANT.

[Mr. BROADHURST recently inquired whether His Majesty's Government would take steps to provide suitable house accommodation at reasonable rents near the House of Commons for such Members of Parliament as needed it.]

PITY the poor M.P.,  
Whom all the world may see,  
When others are sleeping,  
His vigil still keeping  
Without reward or fee.

To the music of great Big Ben  
His altruistic pen  
Is busy forever  
In hopeless endeavour  
To satisfy greedy men ;

While even at night he dreams  
Of cheques for local schemes,  
And public improvements  
And temperance movements  
And cricket and football teams.

A thousand claims, in short,  
Demand of him some sort  
Of postal remittance,  
Till only a pittance  
Is left for his own support.

And when, at duty's call,  
He's signed away his all,  
And daily grows thinner  
For want of a dinner,  
Where can a poor Member  
crawl?

The labouring man may flee  
To the flats of the L.C.C.  
But never a noddle  
Will trouble to model  
A home for the poor M.P.

Pity the poor M.P.  
Who's got no L.S.D.  
But painfully tosses  
On twopenny dosses  
In Lambeth Road, S.E.

A DRASTIC SYSTEM.—Since its opening, says the prospectus of a Nursing Institute, it has attended to 1018 cases, "from which no less than 274 have died. It is impossible," continues the prospectus, "to estimate the relief and comfort which have thereby been afforded."

## PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. X.

MANY a time, while I was putting this book of mine together, I thought to myself, "I'll chuck it; it's not good enough going on like this, keeping away from all the theatres and music-halls and scarcely ever seeing my pals at their convivial meetings. What's the use of it after all? I shall make a bit of money by it, no doubt: lots of these writing chaps simply roll in coin and manage to keep a carriage and pair on what they make, but I've got plenty of my own without that, I'll throw all my poetry away and live like a Christian again." But it was all no good. Something seemed to be whispering to me all the time, "Don't forget fame. It's fame you're working for, not cash. You'll get your name up, Josh, my boy, by the poetry you're writing." Stick to it, old pal, stick to it. You'll be glad, when you've finished it and got it printed, that you didn't scratch but came to the post like a man." That's the way I talked to myself, and it did me no end of good in keeping my spirits up.

There's another point I should like to put down. Other poets may find it useful when they start on the job as I did. It's this:—there's no manner of use in living an irregular life when you're writing rhymes. If you're accustomed to breakfast at 8.15, lunch at 1 o'clock and dine at 7, you'd best go on like that. Nobody need put in late supper just because he happens to be a poet. I tried it once or twice, but I never could write a line—not a really good line, that's to say—on the day after I'd had supper, so I jolly soon gave it up. For writing odes I always found a bottle of ginger-beer a great help—the old-fashioned sort in stone bottles, not the new-fangled stuff in glass bottles with a glass marble instead of a cork. That kind always tastes of india-rubber, and the tang of it seems to keep your thoughts from concentrating on the rhymes as they ought to.

Well, at last I got the whole finished and polished in real tip-top style, and then I set to work to look out for a publisher. That's where my troubles began. I had a notion that all you had got to do was to finish your book and you'd find no end of publishers tumbling over one another to print. That's their business, anyhow. It's what they're there for and what they make their money by, when all's said and done. But the truth is it's very different. I never met such a lot of high and mighty chaps in my life, and I went to all the big nobs one after another till I began to be fairly sick of the job. One man said he wasn't doing anything more in poetry this season; another thought that poetry was a drug in the market, and a third simply laughed when I explained what I wanted. It made me very bitter, I can tell you, and I began to understand how a fellow like BYRON got sour and gloomy in spite of being a Lord. All the same his poetry's not bad, considering he wrote so many years ago.

I went on like this for some months, and I was just on the point of caving in when I happened to hear the name of "The Academic Publishing Company." They were doing a lot of advertising in all the papers, and they'd got a long list of novels and poetry-books, and every book they published seemed to be the very best that had ever been printed. That's the firm for me, thinks I to myself, and the next day I paid them a visit. I never had such a pleasant surprise. I saw their head man, Mr. HART ABRAHAMS, in his private room, and the whole business was settled in ten minutes. All I had got to do was to put down £70 as guarantee-money in case there were less than a thousand copies sold. After that I should get the money paid back and 15 per cent. on every copy in excess of that number. Besides that, I was to buy a hundred copies myself at trade price, thirteen to the dozen, and the Company

would undertake all expenses and everything. I didn't hesitate a moment. The agreement was signed before I left the room, and ABRAHAMS called for a bottle of champagne to wet the bargain and drink success to the enterprise. He was a rich man, I judge. At any rate, he ran to a good deal in the shape of diamond rings and gold chains.

When I got home I began reckoning it up. It was to be a five-shilling book, and, at 15 per cent., that meant ninepence for me on every copy sold. Supposing I sold 21,000 (that seemed a reasonable figure, according to HART ABRAHAMS) I should make £750, which looked like a pretty good lump sum. I went to bed that night as happy as a Duke, and dreamt I'd got presented at Court and been made Poet Laureate. For two or three months I went on correcting proofs, and then out came the blessed book. It was a great day when my hundred copies turned up. I began lading them out to all my pals and relations, and you bet EMILY COLLINS got her copy all right on the first day.

## MR. PUNCH'S POPULAR SONGS.

A BENEFACTOR to the race (who shall be nameless here) has written a little book called *Popular Songs and How to Compose them*. The result of a perusal of this work by Mr. Punch has been a soaring ambition to be a popular song writer. It seems easy, and the remuneration is reported to be fabulous. Here is No. I. of Mr. Punch's series. It may not sound very exhilarating to the casual reader, but sung with her incomparable art (and a smut on her nose) by Miss LOUIE FREEAR it would achieve enormous popularity. It is called:—

LIZ.

Oh, I live in Bowkett Villas, at number thirty-three,  
I'm "general" at Mrs. SMITH's. They're six in family.  
I blacks the grates and makes the beds and cooks the  
dinners, too,

And you can bet at Mrs. SMITH's there's lots of work to do.

For it's:—

LIZ! LIZ!

I wonder where she is.

Where can that girl have got to?

No doubt

The hussie's gone out,

And I particularly told her not to!

I rises every day at six, I gets to bed by ten,  
I scrubs the kitchen twice a week, the parlour now and then,  
I mends the dratted children's clothes and stops the baby's  
squeals,

And don't the master make a fuss unless he likes his meals!

For it's:—

LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!

Can't you see I'm busy?

Come down stairs *this minute!*

Here's FREDDY

Says tea's not ready,

And the Master wants to begin it.

The food I gets ain't much to boast, the missus is that near!  
And my young man has left me 'cos he doesn't like the beer.  
From morn to night the whole year through I'm always on  
the race,

And I must say that Mrs. SMITH's is *not* an easy place!

For it's:—

LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!

Can't you see I'm busy?

Stop that baby squalling.

LIZ!!! LIZ!!!

I wonder where she is.

Why *can't* she hear me calling?



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.

—With only three days allotted for Committee on the Education Bill, with seventeen pages of amendments, with

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, in the excitement of the moment promoting ANSON to the Privy Council where he does not sit, "is nothing if not technical. He gropes his way through the technicalities and husks of life like a snail without its horns."



Betsey Prig. "Rubbidge, Ma'am!"

Sairey Gamp. "You're a regulation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as you can do to follow your own variegated nose!"

(Sir Wm. Ans-n and Mr. M-ddl-m-re.)

Dr. MACNAMARA wound up for indefinite number of long speeches, scintillating with the first person singular, the Minister in charge of the Bill does well to cultivate brevity. But, as Sir WILLIAM ANSON discovered just now, virtue may be run to dangerous extreme. MIDDLEMORE, after a familiar fashion that does not endear him to Treasury Bench, was voicing dissatisfaction on Ministerial benches with remodelled Constitution of Education Committee. Punctuating one of his sentences there sounded distinctly through shocked House the word "Rubbish!"

"Twas the voice of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board. We knew he'd complain; but this way of putting it was a little too summary in form to suit Parliamentary usages. Later ANSON explained that remark was meant for private ear of WALTER LONG. Alarmed to discover it had spread further. MIDDLEMORE, for moment speechless with rage, regarding back of head of ordinarily blameless Minister; then there flashed upon him a graphic, if not absolutely accurate simile.

This felt to be the unkindest cut of all. Bad enough to be a snail. To be deprived of the appanage of horns was as cruel as it was inconsequential.

Changing his metaphor, and still regarding the back of the head of the Minister seated below him with baleful look that made Members opposite shudder to think that, trained to surgery, he was familiar with the knife, MIDDLEMORE continued: "He speaks almost as if he were one of the deities; whereas he is only a regulation poor kind of a thing, who finds it as much as he is able to do to follow his own nose."

Not since the classic quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig has there been anything to beat this. When Mrs. Prig, rising to leave the parlour, turned upon her hostess and said, "Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" Mrs. Gamp would have given a noggin of gin if she had only thought of saying—in addition to "Aperiently to BETSEY PRIG," as recorded—"a regulation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as she can do to follow her own variegated nose."

To Sairey Gamp this retort came only as *l'esprit d'escalier*. Amid boisterous cheers and laughter of delighted Opposition, MIDDLEMORE rapped it forth. The late Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford wished that, since he was a snail, he had brought his shell with him, whilst an unwonted flush of indignation suffused all that was seen of WALTER LONG above the level of his shirt-collar.

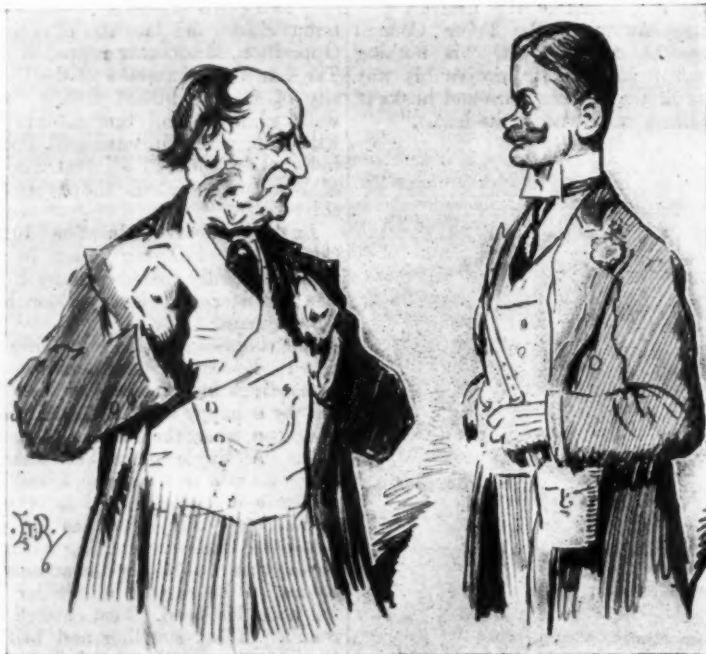
*Business done.*—Education Bill in Committee. Edifying lesson in good manners jointly contributed by Education Minister and Member for North Birmingham.

*Tuesday.*—JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, illumined dull proceedings in Committee on Education Bill by a happy device. A dull cloudy afternoon after the manner of modern May. A single gleam of sunlight, losing its way in the gloom, found itself in House of Commons. JOHN O'GORST so managed things that as he stood below the Gangway, making things as pleasant as possible for his successor at Education Board, the unfamiliar light fell upon his head. Just enough to go round. Effect startling and brilliant. On Treasury Bench, seated in shadow, was ANSON, from time to time furtively feeling for the horns MIDDLEMORE, in his wrath, denied him. And there below the Gangway literally shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents, sole recipient of the confidences of that occult, now



JOHN O'GORST AND THE SUNBEAM.

"There below the Gangway shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents."



"Too bad of you to give me away, Durham!"

(Lord D-v-y and Lord D-rh-m.)

The Earl of Durham said Lord Davey did not mention to the House the experience he had with him on a pleasure voyage to India five months ago, when he never heard the noble Lord objecting to betting on the daily run of the ship. (Laughter.)—*Daily Telegraph*.

vanished, body, the Committee of Council of Education.

The "business" common enough on the stage. Through whatever scene, in whichever play, HENRY IRVING, for example, moves, the faithful limelight follows. So with JOHN O'GONST and the fascinated sunbeam which fond fancy imagined to be the etherealised spirit of dead and gone Committee of Council of Education. Through long Parliamentary practice the Time-honoured Educationist has acquired a little mannerism of shifting from foot to foot as he drops his pleasant sayings. This afternoon as he moved the sunlight followed, ever illumining as with a halo of immortality the bare dome of a brainy head.

In spite of EDWARD STRACHEY and his threatened motion Members on both sides hear with satisfaction of the appointment of Lord ONSLOW to the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. Even the Radicals, who don't like to see a Ministerial post assigned to a Peer, admit the appropriateness of the arrangement. ONSLOW has been so many things, folk apt to forget that he is, first of all, a farmer. Among the attractions at Clandon Park is a model farm where he has long practised what he will now preach over the wider domain of Great Britain. *Festina lente* is the inevitable family motto. On slow but sure de-

scribes the movements of the fourth Earl. In succession Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, Governor of New Zealand, Under-Secretary for India, once more at the Colonies, now President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord ONSLOW has always done well. Combining high business capacity with a sunny nature and the blessed gift of humour, he is alike successful as an administrator and popular as a man.

*Business done.*—London Education Bill in Committee. TRITTON, London Member and good Ministerialist, declares "the Bill hasn't a single friend." The challenge passes unanswered; no man rises up to call it blessed. Once to-day on critical amendment majority ran down to 41. Bill will be passed all the same.

*Friday night.*—In anticipation of second reading of Budget Bill coming on next week a new Parliamentary Party has been formed. It is called The Tea Party, and meets at five o'clock every afternoon to arrange for defeat of Government. The leading spirits are CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH volunteered to join the new faction. CHAPLIN objected to have about the new crusade any taint of the professional. "It won't do," he said, helping himself to another lump

of sugar, "to mix up City business with high politics."

"No, no," said JEMMY LOWTHER, his mouth full of buttered muffin and contradiction; "no shop."

House of Lords represented at the afternoon conference by Duke of RUTLAND; has contributed to the agitation a leaflet containing amended version of historic couplet. It now runs as follows:—

Let Wealth and Commerce, Laws and Learning  
decease,

But spare, oh spare, our five o'clocker tea.

Arrangements are being made for a procession of London charwomen, dress-makers, and other female toilers accustomed to look for afternoon refreshment in the form of wholesome non-inebriating brew; as they pass along the streets they will sing this inspiring strain. Arranged that, as Procession traverses Pall Mall, CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER shall be discovered standing on steps of Carlton Club, a hand and arm on each other's shoulders, after manner of Bounding Brothers at circus before they begin to Bound, and, later, when recalled to receive just meed of applause. Effect of this *tableau* expected to find reflex in Cabinet further considering abolition of Corn Duty.

The Tea Party, it will be understood, have nothing to do with the reimposition of the Corn Duty. In the amendment to the Budget Bill placed on the Paper by its patriotic leader the Corn Duty is not mentioned, much less is there plea for Protection. Animated as CHAPLIN, JEMMY LOWTHER, and his Grace of RUTLAND are by desire for the cheapening of domestic comforts and necessities of the poor, they will be no parties to



'Mr. Ch-pl-n was extremely puzzled by the burst of cheering that greeted his arrival.'

any movement tending to increase the price of bread. What they want is that

\* Scottish, e.g.,

"For bonnie ANNIE LAURIE  
I'd lay me down and dee."

the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall so readjust taxation as to reduce the price of tea by twopence a pound. It happens that that would mean a sacrifice of two and a-half millions sterling, the exact sum dropped by abolition of the shilling duty on corn. If in the readjustment forced upon him the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is inevitably driven to reimpose the Corn Tax, that is his affair.

"I remember," said CHAPLIN, absent-mindedly filling up the Duke's cup under the impression that it was his own, "when I entered the House of Commons thirty-four years ago hearing a story about one of GLADSTONE's first Budgets. There was talk of reduction on the Tea Duty, on which proposal the Liberal Party was divided. There was the alternative of abolishing the Paper Duty, on the whole the safer course. Just before Mr. G. rose to expound his Budget a messenger brought from the other House a note from Lord DERBY addressed to PAM. 'What is to be the great proposal to-night?' DERBY asked. 'Is it to be Tea and Turn-out?' 'No,' PAM promptly answered; 'it is to be Paper and Stationary.'"

"The difference in the case of our Government," said JEMMY LOWTHER, helping himself to the remainder muffin, "is that it is Tea or Turn-out."

*Business done.*—Old Age Pensions discussed.

## MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

### No. I.—LIFE ON NOTHING A DAY.

By FELIX KNOTTS,

*Ex-Amateur Ping-Pong Champion of All Surbiton.*

HAVING decided that the time had arrived for me to go into training for the All Surbiton Ping-Pong championship, I settled down to a month's inexpensive feeding. In 1901 I had done it on sixpence a day, in 1902 on threepence. I decided that this year I would do it on nothing, or perish in the attempt.

My plan was to take only one meal a day, which is by far the most hygienic way, except when I had indigestion, and then I would take none.

All the crimes and retrogressions of the world being due to a meat diet, it follows that my *menu* must be wholly vegetarian or farinaceous. I therefore for my first meal walked into the country in the direction of Thames Ditton, where I had seen a mangold-wurzel "pie." I waited there until a farm hand appeared, and then, entrenching myself behind some railings, I opened my campaign by inquiring if his mother knew he was out. Following this up with some remarks about his hair and the barber's, I politely intimated that the beauty of his voice was only exceeded by the size of his feet. This last sally had the desired effect of inducing him to throw several good-sized roots in my direction, and, picking up four, I hastened home.

One of these I boiled, and thus we have

Meal No. 1 (cost, nothing; sufficient for three adults for several days)

MANGOLD à LA MISSILE,

consisting of one large mangold boiled with salt, a small quantity of which had been entrusted to me the day before by my neighbour's daughter, to be placed on the tail of a meadow-pipit, which she was anxious to add to her aviary.

My mangolds, carefully husbanded, would, I knew, last me as a stand-by till the end of the month; but I have long since discovered that variety is the spice of life. More-over recent experiments in Russian laboratories show that the digestive juices of the pancreatic ganglion respond with greater effusion to food that one likes than to food that one doesn't. Now one of the passions of my youth is rice. I therefore walked over to Claygate, where some of

the old-fashioned customs are still in force, in time to be present at a

### RUSTIC WEDDING

between the daughter of a local grocer and a Norbiton seedsman. My hopes were fully justified by the amount of rice and other cereals which were thrown at the happy pair, and I was enabled to return with a sufficient supply of that nutritious Asiatic grain concealed about my person to last me for some weeks.

Thus we have

Meal No. 2 (cost, nothing, for many persons)

RICE DE NOCES,

or, one large cupful of rice boiled, with seasoning to taste.

Here I may remark in passing that the blow to vegetarian economy dealt by the introduction of paper *confetti* is simply beyond appraisement.

Mangold-wurzels and rice, excellent though they are in their way, are apt to pall unless judiciously varied. It has long been an axiom amongst scientific dietiticians that the pea, and more particularly the split pea, is the food of the future. Where the benighted and retrograde eater now clamours for a split soda, he will one day pin his faith—strange as it may sound—to the split pea. The problem then was how to obtain peas, if possible split, at my usual rates. Fortune favoured me. I chanced to be on Wimbledon platform at the precise moment when a train full of boys returning from school drew up. Happily I was wearing a pair of Dr. DAUGLISH's patent hygienic celluloid trousers, a coat which I had borrowed forcibly from SUNNY JIM, and a Panama hat trimmed with Plasmon. The chasteness of the attire drew every eye in my direction—and not only every eye! By extreme good luck the school was armed with pea-shooters, which were at once trained upon me, and a raking fire ensued. I must admit that some of the peas hurt horribly, but in the cause of a scientific and economic *menu* I am prepared to suffer much. Moreover, the end justified the torture, for when the train had moved on and I was able to begin the harvest, I was rewarded by nearly two quarts of peas, many of them providentially split by the force of their impingement upon my person. Result:

Meal No. 3 (cost, nothing; for several people)

SPLIT PEA SOUP.

Meal No. 4 (ditto)

SPLIT PEASE PUDDING.

To continue is perhaps needless. The reader will see that I had already enough proteid in the rough to build up several constitutions beside my own at the cost of the hot water in which I did my cooking.

I might add that at the end of the month I failed to retain the Ping-Pong championship of All Surbiton.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. METHUEN start in excellent form their Illustrated Pocket Library of plain and coloured books. In the van march the curious collocation of NIMROD's *Memoirs of John Mylton*, *The Tour of Doctor Syntax*, *The History of Johnny Quae Genus*, and (*Que fait-il dans cette galère?*) BLAKE's *Illustrations of the Book of Job*. They are, it will be seen, all ancient worthies of high renown. The publishers, like some of their clients, aware of new books, have recalled the old world into existence in order to redress the balance with the new. The charm of these little volumes, admirably printed, neatly bound, and cheaply priced, is that they are exact reproductions of old, now unattainable, editions. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax*, for example, is founded on the





"THEY'RE OFF!"

seventh edition, published in 1817 by R. ACKERMANN. The reproduction includes all ROWLANDSON'S coloured plates, a desirable possession of themselves. We have all heard of *Doctor Syntax*. How many of us have read his *Tour*? My Baronite confesses he never had an earlier chance, and seizes the present one with huge delight. To read the eight-syllabled verse in which the adventures are written is like ambling over green pastures on an easy pad. WILLIAM COMBE must have babbled in rhyme whilst he was in the nursery. Though every line scans, and each rhyme is natural and perfect, the matter is, after all, the simplest prose. But the jingle of the rhyme is soothing, and often adds point to shrewd observation and mother wit.

*Nine Points of the Law* (JOHN LANE), by WILFRID SCARBOROUGH JACKSON, is the work of a new humourist, who may be congratulated on a highly successful first appearance. The dilemma of his unfortunate and not over-wise bank-clerk hero—in hiding both from the police and from the burglars whose spoils he has removed under the impression that they belonged to him as treasure trove—is ludicrous to the verge of tragedy. And his difficulties increase when he flies to France with his compromising burden, for there he meets *Mr. Mavors*, his chief, with his charming daughter, and becomes their travelling companion, only to discover that his ill-gotten treasures have been stolen from *Mr. Mavors'* private residence. A capital story, told with genuinely comic verve, and written in excellent style.

*The Haunted Major* (GRANT RICHARDS), by Captain ROBERT MARSHALL, is a most amusingly eccentric story, the humour of which will be almost as much appreciated by non-golfers as by those experienced in the "Royal and ancient game." The difficulty presented by the necessarily goblin-like character of the illustrations has been cleverly met by MR. FURNISS, but in order to thoroughly appreciate the peculiar humour that the artist has imported into his work the critic needs to be either a golfer or a ghost, just to enter into the spirit of the thing, or both, and at present the Baron has no intention of becoming either.

The Baron, in view of coming holiday time, begs to acknowledge the receipt of a really excellent *Popular Coast Guide* to the S. E. & C. R. line of country, written by W. T. PERKINS (McCORQUODALE & Co.), giving particulars and good illustrations of many places on that route, extending to the French coast, which from personal experience the Baron knows to be just the very "resorts" for a restful and invigorating sojourn. Some worrying folks complain of this and that particular resort as being a place "where there is absolutely nothing to do." But what ordinarily busy man, valuing a holiday, needs "anything to do"? He wants everything to be done for him, and after a rest to return, like the proverbial giant, refreshed, to his work and his labour, until another holiday time comes round.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

VERY STONY-HEARTED MAGISTRATES.—"The Flint Justices."